

## Heroes, Vigilantes, and What-Have-Yous

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## Heroes, Vigilantes, and What-Have-Yous

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Being COMPLETELY CHANGED AND REWRITTEN

- Inspired by [TommyInnit's unbeatable method of avoiding sudden death](#) by [eneliii](#)
- Inspired by [Project: Icarus](#) by [Imshookandbi](#)
- Inspired by [I was a kid in a village, doing alright, then I became a prince overnight](#) by [sircantus](#)

## Just a Day in the Life

*Well, that could have gone better.*

Tommy raced through the night, jumped from rooftop to rooftop as his wings flapped quickly on his back. The red and yellow feathers practically buzzed as his anxiety mounted. He had not one, not two, but THREE heroes on his tail. And to make matters even worse, they were his idols.

Siren, who could control people with just his voice. (*And probably breathe underwater or something too*, Tommy decided as he leaped, remembering his tall friend telling him about the creatures the name came from.)

The Blade, who's skill with a sword and sheer almost invincibility was second to none. (Tommy had seen him straight-up yeet a criminal into a wall like they were a rubber ball or something)

And finally, Philza. Who was arguably Tommy's favorite. Not because of how kind he was, not because he was the number one hero, but because of a simple reason.

He, like Tommy, was a full-blood avian.

And now he was chasing him.

Tommy turn left! LEFT!

"I heard you, yeesh." Tommy darted to the left, jumping down into a alleyway. His wings slowed his descent enough so he could keep running. He recognized the area, another vigilante patrolled here pretty regularly.

"Care to say why three of the top heroes are chasing you?" Think of the devil, and she shall appear.

"They saw me stopping a mugging"

"Yeah, that'll do it." The girl grabbed his arm and tugged him inside a hole in the wall, motioning for him to be silent.

"Where did he go?"

"He can't have gone far, mate. Calm down."

"He RESISTED my control! I will not calm down!"

Fae turned and looked at Tommy, raising a single eyebrow. He shrugged sheepishly. It's not like he meant to resist Siren's voice, but when life gives you a gift like that you don't think. You book it.

The heroes continued to search, but they couldn't find the two vigilantes. After a while, (it was forever. Tommy's legs had completely frozen up) they left, leaving the teens to venture out once more. Fae checked the road, then waved to Tommy.

"See ya, Icarus." Tommy nodded in response, before the two went their separate ways.

# Rest

## Chapter Summary

Tommy heads to where he normally crashes (With Tubbo's family, duh)

## Chapter Notes

HOW DOES THIS ALREADY HAVE 105 KUDOS-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Boys-"

"I SAID I WAS SORRY-"

"YOU COULD HAVE DIED, OR GOTTEN ARRESTED! SORRY DOESN'T COVER THAT!"

"Tubbo- No-"

Tommy coughed as the shorter boy tried to strangle him before getting pulled away. Ranboo lifted him up in the air, activating what they had termed the 'off switch'. Niki sighed softly.

“Well, Tommy, we are glad you’re safe.” The pink haired woman smiled gently at him while he caught his breath, ears flicking in irritation at the attempted murder. His wings flapped behind him, making a soft humming noise.

Ranboo nodded in agreement. “Even if Tubbo is bad at showing it.” He shook the other boy slightly before putting him down again. The ram hybrid huffed but refrained from attacking again.

Which was greatly appreciated. Tommy did, in fact, have a job interview tomorrow. For a completely legal job.

What, you don’t believe that? What if we said it was for a paid internship at Hardcore Help, where Philza, Siren, and the Blade worked. Yup, as legal as jobs come.

Tommy’s wings began buzzing faster in anxiety. The thought that might get recognized flitted through his brain before he was distracted. By Tubbo (affectionately) headbutting his stomach.

“Hey, you’ll be fine!” The shorter boy headbutted Tommy again to distract him. “Remember, Ranboo and I’ll help you practice. But right now, let's preen your wings before bed.”

Tommy nodded, still a little worried, but calmed quickly at the familiar feeling of hands gently setting his feathers to rights. Niki brought him some water, which he quickly drank before the soothing feeling made him drop off to sleep completely.

## Chapter End Notes

So-

Niki and Ranboo are siblings, then they adopted Tubbo. They would have adopted Tommy as well but he stubbornly refuses, because there wasn't a lot of space. He does crash with them fairly often, but this way they can completely deny knowing/helping him if worst comes to worst.

If he gets the internship, he plans to send them about half the money from each paycheck. Niki's bakery does pretty well but he wants to help them, in return for them helping him so much.

# Interview prep because I am brainrotting as fast as I can

## Chapter Summary

Tommy has to get ready for his interview

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy woke up slowly. He could hear Niki in the kitchen, humming softly as she cooked something. Probably pancakes, based on the smell. He shifted, then realized something.

Tubbo was draped over his torso, snoring merrily away.

"Oh, come on-" Tommy pushed the goat hybrid gently, trying to move him without waking him up. "Come on Big Man, get off of me-"

Tubbo's only response was to shift in his sleep, trapping Tommy even more.

Looking up, he caught Niki's eye and stared at her pleadingly. She laughed softly before walking over, pulling Tubbo off of him. "Here you go, Tommy. Go eat some breakfast before leaving, alright?"

Tommy saluted. "Yes Ma'am." He got up, wings stretching out. Some loose feathers fell and he grabbed them. Wouldn't do to have anyone figure out he had wings, after all.

-----

After a hearty breakfast of possibly more syrup than pancake, (Sugar worked best to keep him energized. He loved his hummingbird genes) Tommy found himself getting forced to try on clothes.

"Why cant i just wear what I normally do?" he asked, dodging a cardigan that almost hit his face.

Tubbo turned around to look him up and down slowly. "You know what Tommy, I won't even dignify that with a response."

"BI-" Tommy was cut off by a mouthful of shirt. He sputtered as Ranboo let out a warbling laugh.

"There, try that on!" Tubbo grinned, pulling Ranboo out and shutting the door. Tommy sighed, but put on the outfit, carefully tucking his wings under the layers of cloth. There. Now he looked just like any other civilian, instead of a wanted vigilante. He couldn't help but let out an amused peep at the thought of being right under the heroes' noses.

"aww, did you peep?"

"No I did not, shut up." Tommy forced down the heat rising to his cheeks, instead going out to show off his outfit.

Tubbo and Ranboo both gave him a thumbs up. "Looking good, Tommy!" He just grinned at them

before hurrying down the stairs, tugging on his shoes. He waved to Niki before darting out, heading towards the interview that would decide his future, and the plot of this story.

## Chapter End Notes

Btw- I have a twitter-  
<https://twitter.com/FaeKylie>

I post random stuff all the time  
And sometimes I might brainrot about this story

# Checking out the competition

## Chapter Summary

Looks like the interview starts sooner than he thought

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy walked into the building, swallowing the little bit of fear he felt. Here he was, the most dangerous building for him. And he wanted to WORK here. Maybe he was just a bit crazy. Oh well, no turning back now.

He was directed to a lobby/waiting room, where a bunch of people in suits were. He suddenly felt under-dressed, but you know what? He didn't care. Grabbing a seat in the corner, he scanned the room, freezing when he noticed a certain detail.

There were two heroes walking around. Not only that, they were two heroes that had been chasing him last night. Wonderful.

Tommy almost jumped when someone sat by him. The man had fluffy brown hair shoved under a reddish beanie, round glasses and a yellow sweater, with a friendly smile. "Sorry for scaring you!"

"Oh, you didn't scare me. I don't get scared." Tommy had shoved down the surprised peep that threatened to escape him. He didn't like making bird noises in public, the ears marking him as a full-blooded avian were enough for him, thank you.

The man nodded. "Right, right. What's your name? I'm Wilbur Watson."

"Um, I'm Thomas. Thomas Soot. But I go by Tommy." Tommy shook the man's hand, noting the calluses on his fingers.

"Nice to meet you, Tommy. Here for the interviews, I presume?" Tommy nodded. "Nice, I am too!"

Wilbur kept talking to Tommy, which neatly distracted him from his budding anxieties. Wilbur was pretty cool, he was a musician and his band had released a new EP recently.

"We even got one of the heroes to be in the music video, how cool is that?"

"Wait really?! Who?"

"404! He was really cool about it, too." Wilbur continued talking about how many takes they had to do because the man found it hard to keep a straight face. Tommy was listening so intently that he didn't notice the hero coming up from behind him.

"Heya mate."

This time, Tommy couldn't stop the startled chirp that came out of his throat as he whipped around, coming face-to-face with Philza Minecraft himself. The man practically had stars in his eyes as he

looked at Tommy.

"Tommy, that was *adorable*," Wilbur cooed, much to Tommy's embarrassment. His ears went back as he hid his face in his hands. He did NOT just chirp in front of the number one hero. That was unthinkable.

"Thomas Soot?"

Oh thank Prime, it was time for his interview. He quickly got up, dodging Philza and Wilbur as he darted toward the room, not seeing the way the Blade looked at him.

## Chapter End Notes

Tonny didn't know it, but Wilbur was in fact Siren lol. He was there to help Philza and Techno weed out unsuitable choices for the internship. He was supposed to talk to more people than just one, buuuuuuuuuuuut Tommy caught his attention.

Follow me on twitter @FaeKylie pls I crave interaction-



# The interview! (dun dun DUNNNNN)

## Chapter Summary

\*dramatic music\*

## Chapter Notes

Two updates in a day! I am really spoiling you guys lol

BTW, heres some hero rankings:

- 1- Philza
- 2- Dream
- 3- The Blade
- 4-Sapnap
- 5-404
- 6-Siren
- 7-Foxclove (Fundy)
- 8- King (Eret)
- 9- Timejump (Karl)
- 10- Quackity (give you exactly one guess) (yup its Quackity)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy brushed his hands off and fixed his hair somewhat, before breathing in and out. He didn't know who was doing his interview. There were three possible chances.

404, who had sleep magic and ways of making people feel more at ease, more likely to spill information.

Sapnap, who could bend and control flames (Tommy had heard that his father was a demon from another realm, but he doubted that)

And Dream. Dream who always had a mask and cloak, completely camouflaging his body. The man who dealt with most of the day-to-day work, being the director of the heroes. With he himself being ranked number two.

Tommy really hoped that wasn't who would interview him, but fate apparently had other plans. He stepped into a large office, with 360 degree windows. There was a parrot on a perch by a desk, and... was that a horse? That was a horse. Tommy blinked at it. It blinked back.

"Oh, that's Spirit." Tommy turned toward the voice, revealing Dream himself. Great.

Dream gestured for him to sit down, falling into a chair as well. "You're Thomas, right?"

"Yeah, I go by Tommy though."

Dream nodded, looking through a file. Tommy sat, bracing for the questions to come.

And come they did.

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"Phil, Phil, did you hear that? He chirped! It was so cute!"

"Yeah mate, I heard."

Techno groaned from the couch. He was done with hearing about the boy that had come for an interview and had apparently caught the interest of both his twin and his father. He hadn't seen anything special about the kid himself. Fluffy blonde hair, blue eyes, and a slim build, with avian ears- Technoblade sat straight up. "Where are his wings?"

"What?" Wilbur and Phil both turned to look at him.

"He's obviously a full-blooded avian like Phil, so where are his wings?" Techno repeated, realization slowly dawning on the others.

"You're right... Wings are actually really common, even among people with only a little bit of avian blood," Phil said, tapping a finger against his chin. "Do you... think something happened to them?"

Wilbur frowned slightly. "I think so... I also noticed some bruises on his neck. Maybe he has a bad home situation?"

Techno shrugged. "Let's keep an eye on him. Besides, he'll probably get the internship anyway."

Phil nodded. "Lot's of the others had no passion, some I guessed to be downright spies from criminals trying to get in. Tommy was just about the only person there for the interview itself."

Wilbur nodded too. "Well, then we'll get to talk to him more! looks like I'll be a civilian for a bit longer."

Techno snorts. "We know how hard that is on you." He dodged the pillow that was tossed, laughing the whole time.

## Chapter End Notes

Reminder to come follow me on Twitter @FaeKylie plz-

I'm going to be doing designs for civilian/hero outfits eventually, even for my sona that I only mentioned briefly  
(btw how did you guys feel about her? I kiiiiinda wanna use her more)

Also I didn't do the actual interview questions bc no. I wanted to do an \*alternate POV\*

# And the waiting, the waiting, the waiting...

## Chapter Summary

Tommy waits with his friends for the results

Meanwhile, the heroes talk about their impressions of the interns.

## Chapter Notes

Dear everyone who bookmarks this with a comment about it, some of you really just crack me up lol.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy ran all the way back to Niki's bakery. He couldn't help it, his wings were trying to buzz right through his shirt and exhilarated peeps were surfacing from his throat. He didnt even go through the front door, hauling himself up the fire escape and rolling in through the window. Right onto Tubbo.

"tOMMY-" The short goat yelped as Tommy's elbows found his ribs.

"Sorry big man!"

Ranboo poked his head in. "Tubbo the stove is on fi- oh hi Tommy."

"Hey Ranboo." Tommy rolled off of Tubbo as the other ran to get a fire extinguisher.

"How'd the interview go?" The enderman hybrid sat down as Tommy let his wings out, cheeping in relief. They buzzed softly, almost smacking Ranboo.

"I think it went well, I talked to this guy named Wilbur while I was waiting."

Ranboo and Tommy kept talking, soon Tubbo came back in after extinguishing the flaming oven. Apparently Ranboo had tried baking muffins. It went... as well as expected.

"Ranboo, Niki needs some help in the bakery. She told me to ask you since I almost got into a fight with a customer last time."

Tommy snorted. He remembered that. The guy had decided to try and be an asshole to Niki, who couldn't catch Tubbo before he jumped over the counter.

That was a good day.

Ranboo nodded and hopped up, grabbing his facemask as he jogged down the stairs. Tubbo went over to his beanbag, flopping down and pulling out his laptop. "When do you think you'll know who gets the job?"

"I dunno, big man. Probably a couple of days, right?" Tubbo hummed slightly in agreement as he checked his laptop.

"You planning on heading out tonight?"

"Duh. Crime stops for no one." Tommy rolled his eyes playfully as Tubbo swatted him. They started to both smack each other, only stopping when Tommy's phone buzzed. "huh?"

"Who was that?"

"it was... DREAM?!"

"wAIT WHAT?!"

"I GOT THE JOB!"

-----

Dream looked out on the crowd of assembled heroes. It was rare to have them all assembled, but the new interns had piqued everyone's interest. Especially that of the three Craft/Watsons. He found himself wondering if they were going to try and get a little brother. Honestly? Most likely.

He turned his head to the table when Bad walked up. Since he and his husband Skeppy had retired from being heroes, they did run most of the day-to-day things, but had Dream stay in the limelight. He didn't mind, the attention helped boost his powers. Like any god, he needed followers to remain immortal.

Bad tapped a stack of papers on the desk. "Alright you little muffins, Skeppy and I have gone through all the applications, including the notes you took about them. We've decided on two."

Skeppy walked in with two files. "Their names are Kylie Mars and Thomas Soot."

Dream could barely bite back a laugh at how downright EXCITED Siren looked. The man was practically vibrating.

Bad nodded. "Both of them are quite young, but they were honestly our best options. I expect everyone to be nice and on their best behavior." He leveled a look at everyone in the room.

"They're going to start working on Wednesday, we have Kylie working in the office area and Thomas shadowing Sam." The creeper hybrid looked up at the mention of his name, nodding briefly. "They are going to cycle working through different areas in the coming months. Everyone understand?"

There was a chorus of assents from around the room. Skeppy nodded, pleased. "Dream, can you text Thomas since you did his interview? Sapnap, you text Kylie for the same reason."

"Alright Dad." The flame-powered hero pulled out his phone, typing. Dream did the same, shooting off a text.

He completely ignored Siren squealing to Blade, who looked on the verge of murdering his twin.

ALRIGHT now that that is done:

Twitter: @FaeKylie

And yeah, I am just YEETING other creators in here.

# First day!

## Chapter Summary

Tommy shadows Sam for the day and meets the other new intern

## Chapter Notes

Alternative title: Wilbur you little-

Also SHOUTOUT to the other creators on Twitter that are letting me chuck them in here lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy stood in front of the glass doors, breathing slowly. His wings were threatening to tear through his shirt and he really, really did NOT need that to happen. No thank you. Bad enough that he had chirped in front of PHILZA CRAFT HIMSELF yesterday, if his wings showed themselves he would die of embarrassment on the spot.

At least he had gotten more sleep than usual. Tubbo had hidden not only his communicator, but also his goggles and hoodie. This effectively stopped him from going out that night, and he ended up falling asleep when Ranboo and Niki helped him preen, Tubbo plotting something in the background. At this point, he didn't want to know what the shorter boy was up to. Last time he had ended up having to explain why the apartment was covered in glitter to Niki. That had not been pleasant.

Anyway, back to the present plot. Tommy stared at the doors, wondering (not for the first time) if this was a huge mistake. He was a vigilante for Prime's sake, a wanted one, and he was going to be working with the people who wanted to take him down. Whee.

He was broken out of his musings by someone coming up next to him. "Hi! Are you a new intern too?"

A startled peep popped out of him as he turned to see a phantom hybrid looking at him curiously. She was shorter than he was, which wasn't surprising given his tall stature. She had long brown hair in a ponytail, flowers tucked in at random intervals. Her thin tail swished behind her as membrane-thin wings stirred on her back. A black rockabilly dress and red sneakers finished the look.

"Yeah, I'm Tommy," he quickly introduced himself, holding out a hand to shake. "Tommy Soot."

She took his hand. "I'm Kylie, Kylie Mars." Her open green eyes met his blue ones as she grinned. She seemed harmless, but after years of being on the streets and stopping crime, Tommy felt that something was a bit off about her.

Before he could think too much about that, he was caught off guard by being picked up and spun around. "Tommyyyyyy!!!!!!!"

Tommy let out an undignified squawk as he turned to face his captor, who turned out to be none other than Wilbur. The man's eyes were practically glittering. And behind him...

Tommy lets out an embarrassed chirp, hiding his red face in his hands, ears flicking back. He had done it again. Philza Craft HIMSELF was standing right there. Not only that, Tommy could hear the man's wings fluff as a soft peep answered him. He wanted so, so badly to respond, to let his wings show.

But he didn't.

He could hear the Blade groan something about 'family members being way too doting' before talking to Kylie, the other teen having been practically cackling with amusement as she walked inside after him. This, of course, left him with Wilbur and Philza.

Great.

Wilbur was cooing AGAIN, damn him. "Awww, Tommy, little baby bird Tommyyyyyyy."

"shut up"

Wilbur did not shut up. In fact, he KEPT COOING. He didn't even put Tommy down! He just carried him into the building!

Tommy would definitely have to get revenge on him. And possibly on Philza, who did nothing whatsoever to help him. He just watched, wings fluffed and eyes sparkling.

(Philza's brain: BABY BIRD TOO SKINNY MUST ADOPT RIGHT NOW)

Luckily, salvation came in the form of a certain creeper hybrid. Tommy at that moment decided Sam was one of his favorite people.

"Wilbur, Tommy needs to get his key card still. And you both have work to do."

Wilbur groaned, but thankfully put Tommy down. He instantly ran to the front desk to get his card, check in, all that pog stuff.

The girl at the desk, Hannah, was really helpful. She set up so his schedule would instantly go to his phone and made sure he got his key card. Apparently he and Kylie would both be cycled through different areas in the headquarters, before seeing where they best fit. Today he would be shadowing none other than his savior from earlier, Sam.

Awesamdude, as the hero was officially called, made all of the tech the heroes used. As such, he was Tubbo's idol. Tommy made a mental note to see if he could get an autograph. That could be useful the next time Tubbo got mad at him.

The two took an elevator down to the basement lab. It took a while, given that the basement was actually a vast underground bunker. Tommy could not believe his eyes as he walked in.

"Holy shit."

Sam chuckled. "Hoy shit indeed. Come on, I'll introduce you to the guys that are here right now."

Tommy could only nod, staring at the massive area around him. There was so much tech, so many people running around. He was reminded of a beehive seen in a documentary with Tubbo.

Sam led the way with practiced ease, greeting everyone he passed as he walked to a large window.

"This is our main testing chamber. If I'm right, we've got three other heroes there right now."

Tommy nodded and followed quickly, looking at the two looking in the window. He recognized Quackity and Timejump, two of the top ten heroes. They worked together often, often along with Sapnap.

Speaking of, that was the man in the testing room. He kept hurling firey attacks at... something. The smoke and flames made it kinda hard to see.

"Having fun, are we?"

Timejump and Quackity both startled at that, the latter letting out a startled quack. Tommy could barely choke back laughter as he gave Sam a half-offended glare.

"Hey, did you have to scare us in front of the new intern, man?" Quackity's wings were fluffed with irritation, Timejump snickering slightly by him.

Tommy was distracted from Sam's response by a tapping on the glass. Turning his head, he saw Sapnap peering through, waving slightly. He waved back, then watched the hero come through a door.

"Sam, that new alloy is incredible! I've been attacking it for a while now, and it hasn't even scratched!"

Sam nodded with a pleased look. "Good. That one took a while to develop."

Tommy could only watch as Sam went into a more technical description. He barely understood anything coming out of the man's mouth. From the look of it, neither did Quackity, as the hero made exaggerated gestures to ask if Tommy wanted to go to the vending machines on the other side of the room. Tommy nodded fervently, following the duck hybrid over there.

"Eyy Tomas, man, what you want?" Quackity had turned to the vending machine, punching something.

"Uh, just call me Tommy." Tommy was getting flashbacks to a few years ago. There had been a vigilante who talked exactly like that.

His name had been Mexican Dream.

## Chapter End Notes

Alrighyyyyyy

SO

randomness about costumes and why Wilbur isnt recognizable as Siren-

All three of SBI have robes, with trim on them (like Phil. Phil came up with it and the twins were too lazy to make up their own outfits anyway)

Phil: green and Black

Blade: Red and Gold

Siren: blue and white

All three also have a single dangly emerald earring, Phil's in his right ear and the other two in their left.



Now, Siren has bluish skin, gills, and fish ears. So when he's just Wilbur, he uses a LOT of concealer. Like, heavy-duty waterproof \*probably magic\* concealer. It even covers his gills, as long as he's careful about his breathing. But what about the ears? Well you see, I have snatched from Sircantus, and he covers them with his beanie, even in the middle of summer.

Twitter: @FaeKylie

## Continuation of the first day

### Chapter Summary

There's no way Quackity is Mexican Dream, right?

(Spoiler alert: He is, in fact, Mexican Dream)

### Chapter Notes

The AMOUNT OF PEOPLE that FLOODED my notifs freaking out about me chucking Mexican Dream in here gives me STRENGTH

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy shook his head slightly to dispel that thought. "Um, can I have a cola please?"

"Course, man." Quackity punched another number into the vending machine, before tossing Tommy a cola. The young avian caught it reflexively, biting his lip as he thought. "Hey, um, do you remember a vigilante down in 18th district a few years back?"

Quackity flinched, an almost imperceptible movement. To Tommy, though, it answered his question.

"M-Mexican Dream?"

Quackity inhaled, blowing his breath out noisily. "Yeah man, it's me."

Tommy darted forward, hugging the duck hybrid tightly. "You saved me so many times, thank you."

Quackity's eyes widened and he hugged back. "Wait, it really is you! You're that kid who kept managing to get into trouble!"

Tommy snorted. "That's how you remember me? i'm hurt, big man. So hurt."

"Well how else would I remember you?! You were out at night ALMOST EVERY DAY. Void and I had to drag your twiggy little ass out of trouble constantly!"

Tommy could barely restrain the indignant squawk that threatened to burst out of him. "Excuse you, I am a big man. The biggest man, if you will."

A snort. "Uh huh, sure Tommy."

Tommy pushed Quackity away, scowling slightly. "I am a big man. Admit it."

The duck hybrid ruffled his hair. "Nah, I don't think I will."

-----

Well, this was odd.

Karl had given up trying to understand the technical terms that Sam spouted and began scanning the room for his fiance and the new intern. He found them quickly, they had just gone to the vending machines.

He hadn't expected to see them hugging, though.

Quackity was a bit leery of too much physical contact with people he didn't know. The only people he allowed to hug him were Sapnap and himself, and now apparently Tommy. (Karl wasn't ready to admit how long it took him to remember the boy's name. He'd have to write it down later)

His eyes narrowed. Wait, hadn't the boy said he was from the eighteenth district? That's where Quackity had used to patrol, back when he went by Mexican Dream and was a vigilante.

He remembered being sent to track the vigilante down with Sapnap. They were told to arrest him, but once the two actually talked with him they basically turned him into a hero. Did he save Tommy?

Probably. That would explain it.

Karl made a mental note to get to know the new intern better.

-----

Wilbur was dead. He was so, so dead.

The fucker had ambushed Tommy at lunch, making him chirp again! And then Phil just stood there with that stupid look on his face! Again!

So now he was sulking in a random closet, wishing he wasn't an avian. Hiding his wings was bad enough without those insufferable sounds popping out whenever he got surprised!

Tommy jumped slightly at the door opening.

"Um... are you good?" Kylie was obviously confused on finding him in a broom closet. Not that he could blame her, he'd be confused too. Most avians had claustrophobia, but not him. He was just built different.

"I am fine-" Tommy couldn't help the little peep that came out at the end. He was NOT ok, he was ANGRY AT WILBUR.

Kylie snorted, before letting out a slight trill. Tommy couldn't hold back the barrage of chirps and peeps that flooded out. Damn his bird instincts!

"Yeah, those are not the sounds of someone we consider ok."

"Oh shut up." Tommy couldn't think of anything else to say, his brain split between think the girl in front of him was safe or if she was dangerous.

"Anyways, you have fun with your denial," She said, grabbing a mop. "Someone spilled coffee and I STEPPED IN IT. So I am going to go clean now." She left after that, twirling the mop like a baton.

Tommy was so confused.

-----

Thank god, he made it through the day alive. After lunch he had quickly gone back to working with Sam, Wilbur getting hauled away by The Blade.

Now, he was waiting outside. And watching a potential wrongun.

There was a person in biker fatigues, probably about as tall as Tommy himself except a bit bulkier. Their tail and cloak-like wings stirred in the breeze as they lounged against a lamppost, watching the doors with piercing eyes.

Tommy was actually about to go get a hero when a happy shout distracted him. Kylie rushed by, being scooped up and spun around. Tommy realized this must be the brother she had mentioned in passing when she brought a parcel down for Sam.

He was pulled from his thoughts when he was called over, meeting this 'Xavian' person. He was Definitely dangerous, but to be fair he was a grown man that lived in the eighteenth district. It was easier to survive when people left you alone.

Bidding the siblings goodbye, he began the walk back to where his friends were waiting.

## Chapter End Notes

God Quackity is so hard to write.

go follow @Paris\_noodles on Twitter right now. right now.

also follow me pls @FaeKylie

And shoutout to one of my irls who kept suggesting I write angst. You are a terrible person.

# Gods' Interlude

## Chapter Summary

Alright I have been looking forward to this-

Dream talks to other gods, and ends up with a lot of questions.

## Chapter Notes

Gods and Domains:

Dream: Luck

Kristin: Death

Sircantus and Eneli: Literature and tragedy (no one knows which is which) (not even them)

Ashes: Bones

Hamborg: Warm Oceans

Gitz: Misfortune

Sou: Crying

Crow: Chaos

Seb: Omegle

Hugs: comfort

Kahlie: Arson

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Prime, Dream HATED interdimensional travel. It always made him feel like a rubber band, stretched and stretched until he snapped back into reality.

He did like talking to his fellow gods, however. Even when Crow got up to shenanigans with Seb. The god of luck could remember them prank calling random mortals, only stopping when Sircantus arrived.

Dream would admit he was very confused by the cult following the younger god had, but at this point it wasn't the weirdest thing that had happened. He shuddering, remembering the Great Milk War.

A hand on his shoulder pulled him out of his thoughts. Looking over, he saw Kristin smiling maternally at him. "And how are you, Dream? I'm excited to get back to headquarters, I heard there are a couple new interns."

"Yeah, two teens. Your husband already wants to adopt one, and the other is a real spitfire."

The goddess of death chuckled. "I can see that happening. Let me guess, Wil found the young one first?"

"Yup. took him only a couple minutes to get attached from what Techno told me." Dream and Techno were either best friends or bitter rivals, depending upon the day. This led to frequent betting among the others on who would win the sparring matches.

"Are you talking about Tommy?" Dream turning his head to see Eneli and Sircantus both looking at him, the first in a :D mask and light blue cloak, the other with their || mask and spiderweb cloak, a few of the arachnids crawling on their head.

"Uh, yeah. You know him?"

"Who here DOESN'T know Tommy?" Crow piped up, Gitz and Sou both nodding.

Dream felt very confused. He had not expected the gods here to know the teenage avian.

"Guys, you're confusing him." Hugs and Hamborg came over, the former shaking their head slightly. "He is within the fourth wall, remember?"

Kahlie and Ashes followed. "Yeah! He hasn't been watching and waiting for this as long as we have!"

At this point, even Kristin was confused. "Watching and waiting for what?"

"Nothing!" The young gods all chorused, before Seb stepped forward and opened their mouth.

"S C A T T E R!"

Dream jerked back as the young gods all blipped out, leaving the lucky god with more questions than answers.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks to Mooncord for giving me all these gods!

GO FOLLOW @sircantus @bigbrainsimp @goldfshmemory @8gitz8  
@hmbrg\_livedhere @Bre\_aad @NotebookTrashx @Paris\_Noodles @kahliefuego on  
twitter! they are all so cool and pog!

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Summary

(yeah no more chapter titles I am not creative enough)

Between taking down a trafficking ring, going to work, and almost getting straight-up kidnapped by Wilbur, Tommy needs a nap.

(also we are gonna say that Tubbo and Tommy dont actually talk on partol bc i CONSTANTLY forget that bit!! Tubbo still makes all Tommy's gear tho lol. Niki knows no peace.)

## Chapter Notes

hafjhaf;kjhndf words no work

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Well, this was just peachy.

Tommy was patrolling again as Icarus. He had stopped some muggings, a carjacking, and some idiot trying to break into a candy store. Through the vent. He had gotten stuck and Tommy couldn't help trilling in amusement at the sight.

After getting the guy out (Tommy couldn't help but blink at the purple bunny ears and the deep voice) and sending him on his way, Tommy ran into Fae.

The girl grabbed his arm once he was in sight, green eyes serious under her hood. "Icarus. I found a child trafficking ring."

Tommy's wings flared with rage as he squawked his displeasure. "You'd think the last one we busted would have sent a message..."

"Apparently not enough of one."

The two teens nodded before Fae hopped of the building, floating down and running ahead as Tommy followed from the air, eyes dark behind his goggles.

Oh, those criminals had no idea what was coming for them. The vigilantes had made their hatred of trafficking rings very, very public. In fact, that was where they had gotten their names.

Fae's way of floating down and then practically gliding from place to place while managing to confuse even hardened criminals with her rapid-fire words granted her a name of the fairies who had a history of doing exactly that.

And the way Tommy flew up towards the sun before diving down and striking with his discs reminded the public of Icarus.



They had risen quickly in popularity, even to the extent a few months ago when a cop tried to arrest them but was stopped by an angry shopkeep they had helped earlier.

But anyway, back to the original point, god help the poor criminals to tried to traffic children in District Eighteen.

Well, I say that. But to them at least, it seemed like god had abandoned them.

-----

"Icarus, we have a situation!" The tight panic in Fae's voice made him stop zip-tying the roughed up criminals and turn around, paling as he saw what had happened.

There in the doorway of the dark warehouse stood the three heroes he had run into not even a week prior.

"Looks like we finally caught up with you, Icarus!" Siren called out, stepping over some stray blood droplets. If the situation hadn't been so grave, Tommy would've busted a gut laughed at how downright OFFENDED Fae managed to look, even with half her face covered.

"Bitch what am I, a Roach?" she asked, getting right in the man's face and motioning for Tommy to run while he could. Come on, like he was just gonna leave. That would be very un-poggers of him.

The Blade snorted, Philza facepalming. "For Primes sake, just put them in handcuffs so we can get these kids home, mate."

Siren nodded and turned to Fae, but before he could make a suggestion she kicked him in the crotch. "Let's move!"

Tommy followed her out, managing to bonk Philza with one of his wings as he ran past.

He was unaware that one of his feathers had fallen out on the man's robe.

-----

When Tommy walked into work the next day, he wasn't sure what he had expected. But it definitively had not been Siren screaming about vigilantes while waving a feather around. HIS feather.

He could feel his blood run cold. He had to be doubly careful about his wings now, and about the bruises and scratches he had gotten last night. Tommy thanked whatever gods were watching over him that his bones hadn't snapped again last night. Sometimes he really hated his bird genes.

Kylie walked in and stood by him. "What's all the screaming about?"

"Apparently some vigilantes gave him the slip last night." Tommy noticed she looked a little banged up too, maybe something had happened?

"Huh. Which ones?" A questioning hum came from her and Tommy responded with an affirmative chirp.

"Icarus and Fae, from what I can gather."

"That means Siren was in our district last night. Hopefully that'll cut down on the crime rates."

"Is the crime in your guy's area really bad?" Tommy and Kylie both blinked at Philza, who had

somehow snuck up behind them.

"Yeah, and rising." Kylie recovered first, crossing her arms. "And no heroes have an assigned patrol there, so we fend for ourselves mostly."

Philza frowned. "I'll talk to Bad and Skeppy about it. We should focus more on the outer districts anyway. Me and Dream can cover the first five ourselves if need be."

Kylie nodded. Tommy just blinked slightly, then realized Siren was no longer screaming, thank god. Instead the man was... staring at him? And Kylie?

"Are you two ok? You look a little roughed up."

"Oh! Yeah, Im fine, just- fell down some stairs," Tommy quickly said. The man raised one eyebrow before looking at Kylie.

She shrugged. "Attempted mugging. You know how it is."

"heh?" Great, now the Blade is here too.

"Are you sure you're ok? You don't have to work if you're not up to it-"

"Yeah I'm fine. Fae and Icarus caught the guy." Kylie shrugged, seemingly unaware of Siren's stewing. Or maybe she was perfectly aware and merely pushing the guy's buttons.

Tommy however, was slightly confused as he had no memory of rescuing her. On the other hand, he and Fae had stopped a couple muggings before ending patrol so he was probably just not remembering right.

"Anyway-" Kylie clapped her hands. "I checked the schedule, and it looks like Tommy and I are shadowing you, Mr Blade!

"Please call me Techno, 'Mr Blade' makes me feel as old as Phil over here-"

"You little shit-"

Tommy was lost. He had just learned the real names of two of his idols. Kylie on the other hand was completely unperturbed as she watched them playfully fight.

Siren sighed before leaving with Quackity, presumably to do a patrol.

Eventually, the teens followed the Blade to the training area.

-----

Tommy was just about to leave the building when he was stopped by a familiar voice.

"Tommyyyyyyyyyyyy did you miss me?" Tommy barely had any time to formulate a response before he was picked up and spun around, letting out a peep of surprise.

Wilbur just grinned up at him, the little shit. Then he started walking, still holding Tommy!

"Oi! Dickhead! Where do you think you're taking me?!"

"Aww, don't you wanna hang out with me?" Wilbur made puppy eyes, to which the teen simply scoffed.

"I want to go 'ome, I'm tired."

Wilbur awwed sadly but put him down, but didn't let him go without another hug.

Tommy would never admit that he enjoyed it.

## Chapter End Notes

follow me on twitter @FaeKylie

Kudo to feed the geckos, comment to feed the author, pls I am Starving /j

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Summary

Three heroes muse

## Chapter Notes

\*throws chapter\* here.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade hadn't expected the office to get new interns.

He hadn't expected to like them, either.

But what he definitely hadn't expected either of them to be so good at fighting.

Yesterday he had shown them the training room a bit before heading to the archives, not missing they surveyed the room. They surveyed it like him. Like professionals.

Today he had wanted to see if they could defend themselves. He wasn't *worried*, per say, he just wanted to make sure.

They both fought exceedingly well. Worryingly well, almost. Techno hated the look in their eyes when the bout got more heated. It was a look he had seen many times before.

It was the look of someone fighting for their life.

---

Every time Phil saw Tommy he had to resist the urge to scoop the fledgling up and put him in a warm and safe nest.

The boy was skinny, skinnier than he should be. And his wings, wings that could have wrapped around him and kept the boy warm, weren't there. The poor chick should be soaring in the sky, venturing out of his nest, but he was earthbound.

And the phantom hybrid, Kylie. She was also small, but at least not as skinny as ~~his fledgling~~ Tommy. But something in her eyes gave him pause, a mix of fire and fear.

Both of them worried him when they kept coming in with new injuries.

---

If anyone asked Wilbur, he would tell them exactly how amazing Tommy was. The teen always brightened everyone's day, cheering them up with a well-timed joke or witty comment.

Kylie was similar, perhaps a bit less trusting though. She could tell exactly what people needed and often would run to grab it before they even thought to ask.

But sometimes he saw them out of the corner of his eye and worry.

Because at those times, they looked like they were being hunted.

## Chapter End Notes

Yeah, I just kinda started writing in English class and I got this. Enjoy

Twitter: @FaeKylie

## Chapter 12

### Chapter Summary

Hey, so THATS why Siren hates vigilantes...

"This is stupid."

"The higher I am, the better I can see."

"You can fly."

"Hush Tommy, I am searching."

Dream could barely choke back his laughter as he watched the two interns. Kylie was up on Tommy's shoulders, digging through the top draw of a filing cabinet. The teen in question was rolling his eyes dramatically, even as he made sure the phantom wouldn't fall. The god turned back to his own research, chuckling slightly.

He looked back over at hearing a triumphant trill. Kylie had an old file in her hands, bending over to place it on a table before carefully climbing off of Tommy.

"Is that the file?"

"Yeah, see? I relabeled these old files recently." Kylie tapped a label on the file. "This is the Charles Smith Case."

"Hey, I heard about that. Didn't they plant a bomb in Mayor Schlatt's office?"

"Yeah. The thing is, they had been a vigilante."

"Wait, seriously?"

Dream himself perked in interest at this. It had been ten years ago, before he had decided to join forces with these mortals. Kylie must enjoy true crime if she knew those details.

The phantom had nodded in response to the avian's startled, squawked question. "Yeah. they weren't very well known, but it was where my brother and I used to live."

Dream pondered this new information thoughtfully, remembering something Seb had mentioned about phantoms in general. The god had mentioned they could pick up on truth easily and hated being lied to.

Tommy had started to flip through the file, scanning the paper. "Oh my god. The bomb killed a hero."

Dream nodded to himself. That he knew, having been recruited to fill her spot after the previous candidate hadn't worked out. She had been a fish hybrid, going by the hero name Salmon. An odd choice, but he supposed he wasn't one to talk.

Kylie had been digging in another drawer. "Yeah, I have her file right here. Her civilian name was

Sally. Looks like she, Siren, and Foxclove worked together pretty often.”

A snap. “That must be why he hates vigilantes so much!”

Tommy nodded. The two teens picked up the files before heading out of the archives, leaving Dream to some musings of his own.

# Chapter 13

## Chapter Summary

owo content

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy brought the file to the main office area as Kylie went back down the archives, intent on finding more files. The avian hummed to himself as he got out of the elevator, walking over to Bad's desk.

The demon in question looked up and smiled at the teen. "Thank you, Tommy!"

"Course." The teen nodded as he sat down. "But, why did you need it?"

The demon sighed. "We have to pull out all the old evidence. Smith has a chance for parole coming up and we're making sure he stays where he belongs, in prison."

Skeppy nodded from where he had a plastic tub. "A hero died in that blast, and dozens more were injured. Smith deserves what's coming to him."

As the golem and demon talked, Tommy let his thoughts wander a bit. He understood that a rogue vigilante could cause a lot of damage, but most of them just wanted to make the city safer.

Like you, his mind whispered. Like Fae.

Tommy tried to focus on the papers in front of him but his mind kept wandering. That is, until a bunch of happy chirps caught his attention.

Phil was by the phone, wings ruffling and chirps falling from his mouth like water as he hung up, before grabbing Wilbur and hugging him.

"Uh, what's happening?"

Tommy turned to find a stack of files, with Kylie's face poking around. Some of her hair had come loose from her ponytail and was sticking up, making her look like she had been zapped.

"I have no idea," the avian responded honestly as he turned back to the odd scene. He was now focusing on how Wilbur seemed to have spots on his face.

Technoblade then came in and grinned. "Mom coming back?"

Wilbur turned to him and grinned with a nod.

The two interns blinked, almost in unison as they looked between the three adults.

Kylie raised her hand. "Who wants to explain?"

"Oh, you know the hero Lady Death?"



Tommy's mouth dropped open. "She's your mum?!"

"Yup! We haven't seen her in a while, she went to help over in Kinoko Kingdom."

Tommy could only blink dumbly at this new information.

Kylie, meanwhile, had other focuses. "Wilbur, what is up with your face?"

Wilbur pulled out a mirror (where did he get that???) and looked into it. "Dangit! My concealer is coming off!"

Tommy watched in shock as he reached up and rubbed his face with a random towel, revealing none other than Siren.

## Chapter End Notes

Tell me in the comments whose POV you want to see next!

Twitter: @FaeKylie

Comment to feed the geckos, Kudos to feed the author, please I am STARVING /j

# Chapter 14

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy had no time to worry about this new revelation because in rushed Quackity, blabbing something about needing Tommy's help before quite literally dragging him out.

'Help' apparently meant 'Come meet my fiances while I recount your most embarrassing moments from when I was a vigilante'

Tommy did learn a few things from the conversation, most notably the fact that Timejump (Karl, his name was Karl) and Sapnap were the whole reason Mexican Dream retired. Also that they all flirted with each other a ridiculous amount. Tommy did not need to hear that, thanks.

He managed to escape by saying he needed to use the bathroom and running back to the archives, where he ran into Dream.

At least. It resembled Dream.

The being in front of him had the same mask, same dumb green outfit, but they were also surrounded by glowing rings of light, had three pairs of wings, and Tommy would swear up and down that he heard angelic music playing in the background.

He hadn't been able to help the extraordinarily startled squawk that burst out, freezing when the mask turned to face him.

"Oh- shit- uh, hi?" if Tommy wasn't so scared/confused, he would have laughed at how utterly freaked out the Dream being was. "Dangit, you weren't supposed to see this, uhhhhh. Shit what do I do."

“How about telling me your name, big man?”

“Technically you already know it, but it wouldn’t hurt to have a reintroduction.” The being breathed in, before holding out a gloved hand. “Hi, I’m Dream, god of luck.”

## Chapter End Notes

HERE take it

most of my motivation and brainrot has been about my other fic, "What it means to say "I love you,"" so check that out if you want Tommy fluff!

## Heads Up!

Idk how to say this, but this fic will be orphaned soon. It's just confusing my brain to have two superhero fics that are so similar yet so different.

Idk when new chaps for my other fics will be out, I need to buy a new computer because writing on my phone is absolutely awful

On the bright side, Ive figured out phantom hybrid lore, for both my fics. Its essentially the same for both, but-

Wait, I cant tell you all the secrets yet. You'll have to wait and see

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!